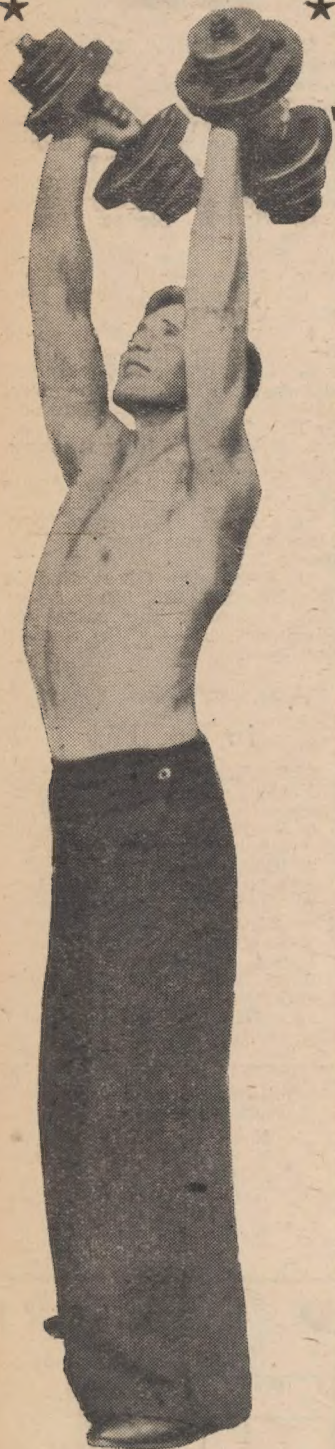


Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

175

**HOLD 'EM
A.B. GEORGIE
DOUGLAS!**



**2 HD MIL-PR
W DBLS. OK?**

WE thought you had a tough enough job, George, but apparently you still want to be tougher, judging by these pictures which a "Good Morning" photographer took on the last day of your leave.

Remember, Mum was getting your clothes ready for the journey, and duty, at your home in Lowthian Avenue, Walker-on-Tyne, and you were loosening-up in the garden. We knew you were always keen on wrestling and boxing; in fact, we heard you were making quite a name for yourself on Tyneside in this sport, prior to the present fight. Judging by the weights, we don't doubt it, either.

Nice to be able to spend the leave in resting and/or athletics, isn't it?

WE spend one-third of our lives sleeping, yet no one can discover why we go to sleep or why a man will die more quickly from being completely starved of sleep than of being completely starved of food.

During recent years scientists have spent much effort and ingenuity in studying sleep, to try to discover what it is that makes us close our eyes and pass into that unique state of unconsciousness.

They found that breathing slowed down and that as a result changes took place in the contents of the blood. Two scientists, experimenting on animals deprived of sleep for a long period, found a toxic substance which, when injected into other animals, sent them to sleep.

One German doctor went so far as to produce an "anti-toxin" for fatigue, and patented it, but either it did not really work or no one was interested in saving the time they spent sleeping, for the invention was not heard of again.

SLEEP CENTRE.

Much more satisfactory has been the search in the brain for the centre that produces sleep. This is believed to be a region called the diencephalon, and its connection with sleep has been shown in various ways. When it is diseased, for instance, the sleep function is disturbed.

But the most remarkable experiments have been with animals who have had this region of their brains stimulated electrically. A wide-awake cat began to purr, looked for a bed, and immediately lay down to sleep.

Perhaps the most plausible theory is that which suggests we fall asleep because we can no longer face reality, that we must have periods when the hard facts of the world are shut away from our consciousness.

Everyone knows that when they are doing something interesting they can remain awake far longer than when their brain is not stimulated in this way. An interesting book will keep you wide awake long after your usual bed-time.

Men who have been vitally interested in their work have done with very short periods of sleep over years. Thomas Edison, the inventor, slept only four hours a night through most of his active life.

Mr. Lloyd George, when he was Prime Minister, was said to sleep very few hours at a time, and to be able to pick his sleeping periods regardless of the clock. Julius Caesar could also choose his time for his short sleeps.

TAKING "FORTY WINKS."

The ability to fall asleep anywhere at any time for a specific period has been so marked a characteristic of men with very active brains that it can hardly be accidental. Possibly they had unconsciously obtained control of the sleep-centre of their brains.

Some say that this centre is always ready to make us drop off to sleep, and it is only external stimuli, such as sights, sounds and interests, which prevents us sleeping most of the time. A dog, fast asleep on the hearth, takes no notice of various movements and sounds. But let his master say "Walk!" and he springs instantly awake.

WAKEY, WAKEY! Here's the answer to the sleepy-heads

From T. S. DOUGLAS



So it is with all of us. The man on active service learns to sleep anywhere in conditions that would produce acute insomnia in civil life. Although he may be deeply asleep, he becomes instantly awake in response to certain stimuli—a shot, an alarm gong, or whatever it may be. The mother who remains fast asleep while motor horns sound in the street outside, becomes instantly awake when she hears the slightest cry from her child's cot in the next room, although it is a much smaller noise.

As illustrating the belief that we sleep to escape reality, the case of Napoleon is often quoted. All through his successful campaigns he slept only a few hours a night, and could remain active and alert for 48 hours, with only cat naps in his

coach. But after his first defeats he began to sleep for much longer periods, and had to be awakened to take critical decisions during a battle. He slept long before and after Waterloo in a way which would have seemed unnatural to the victor of Austerlitz. After his banishment to St. Helena he slept for a great part of the day. It was as if he had lost interest in things about him and sought sleep as a relief.

I once met an old lady in the Highlands who found the best way of seeing the long winter through after visitors had gone was to sleep. She virtually hibernated from November to March. Some years ago the remarkable case of a Mr. Arthur Gehrke, of Wisconsin, was reported. For twenty-three years he had gone to bed in the autumn, and slept most of the time until spring!

PILLOW FIGHT.

Scientists have discovered that there is no such thing as "sleeping like a log." Photographs taken at minute inter-

vals all through the night show that the deepest sleeper makes frequent movements, at least once every ten minutes, and usually oftener.

A film made of a sleeper with one exposure every thirty seconds and then projected at the normal 25 pictures a second shows him engaged in what appears to be an exhausting struggle with his pillow and bedclothes as he hurls himself about, turning and tossing. Yet the sleeper, when he awoke, was convinced he had hardly moved!

Other factors—quiet, absence of light, and so on—being equal, it does not matter when you sleep. Sailors have always known this. Their working day has quite a different "rhythm" from that of the ordinary person.

Some years ago, two Chicago scientists went to live in a large cave, completely cut off from the light and from clocks, postmen, and other artificial time regulators. They found that they got sleepy at all the wrong times. Instead of a 24-hour rhythm, they developed a 28-hour rhythm.

Another scientist found no difficulty in establishing a 36-hour cycle of wakefulness and sleep in an isolated group of experimenters living with artificial light.

Innumerable experiments have established that the mind is far more efficient and alert for the first few hours after waking, and that cutting the hours of normal sleep results in rapidly increasing inefficiency.

Large-scale experiments on school children showed that when sleep was cut for several days the children were far less accurate on tests than their brothers and sisters who had had normal sleep. Efficiency only returned slowly after the lost sleep had been "made up."

These facts about sleep suggest that the quality of the sleep may be as important as its length. Experiments may show that two periods of sleep of four hours each are more effective than one period of eight hours. But sleep is also a matter of habit. As for the amount of sleep necessary, scientists believe that nine hours for a child, eight for a woman and seven for a man is not a bad generalisation.



**BUT LOOK
AT ME
SAILOR,
over the way
I can do it
without
dumb-bells!**

Can you kiss? Asks Harold A. Albert

KISSING has been called a course of procedure, cunningly devised, for the mutual stoppage of speech at a moment when words are superfluous. In Samoa they merely sniff, and it works out—you can't talk and sniff at the same time.

I know a woman in Ontario with 12 children, who has never been kissed. I took her to the pictures to show her what it was. When the boy got Betty Grable she nudged me. "What are they doing?" she asked.

It just goes to show what a lot some people still have to learn about kissing.

In Japan, kissing close-ups have only just been allowed on the screen. Kisses are unknown as tokens of affection in that barbaric land, except between mothers and babies.

Husbands and wives do not kiss.

GETTING BYE THE LAW.

Nor do they kiss in public in Keene, Texas, where a local bye-law sternly forbids such an event on the streets.

Under Italian law, too, couples may not kiss in public except at railway and steamship termini.

In France, Russia and the U.S.A. there are even anti-kissing leagues, whose members regard kissing as unhygienic.

Yet kissing the mouth or eyes was practised among the early Romans as a dignified greeting.

In India they hold that the custom developed as civilisation made man's sense of smell of secondary importance. Among the early Christians the kiss was used as a sign of brotherhood.

But what about unrestricted kissing? I once watched Claudette Colbert suffer through an interminable afternoon of kissing close-ups. "It tastes foul!" she commented.

IT'S THE LIFE!

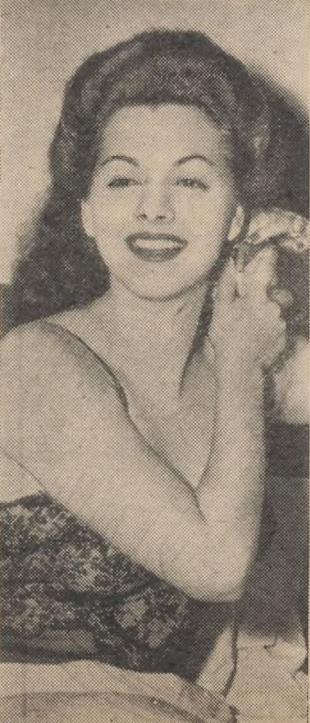
Wayne Morris, the young movie actor, told me, "For screen close-ups, you can't kiss a girl square on the lips, because if you do your nose hides her eyes. You kiss her just off-centre, and she smacks into the air in response. Screen love is the bunk—but it's a living!"

Such a living, in fact, that the University of Richmond recently built a machine to determine the amount of energy-power or "oomph" of a lady's kiss... but I don't think it helped 'em.

The staid English town of Hungerford elects two official kissers every year to celebrate Hook Tuesday, the second Tuesday after Easter, stopping at each house to demand a kiss from each woman.

Unhygienic? French girls who have reached the age of 25 without being married have the right to steal a kiss on St. Catherine's Eve, a ceremony dropped during the Nazi occupation.

A man, as you may have heard, may sometimes be forgiven the kiss to which he is not entitled, but never the kiss he has not the initiative to claim. Bear this in mind for your shore leave!



The Man with Two Beards

"I WAS thinking about a man I once knew," said Father Brown. "He was a murderer. But he did not fit into any of the so-called scientific classifications of murder. He was not mad; he did not like killing. He did not hate the man he killed, for he hardly knew him. He did not want anything his victim had."

"Nor did the murderer want to stop the man from behaving in any special way. The murdered man was not in a position to hurt, hinder, or even affect the murderer in any way. There was no woman in the case. There were no politics in the case."

"This man," said Father Brown, "killed a fellow-creature who was practically a stranger, and that for a very strange reason, possibly unique in human history."

This was the story which Father Brown told:—

It began in a sufficiently respectable setting; at the breakfast table of a worthy though wealthy suburban family named Bankes, where the normal discussion of the newspaper had, for once, been silenced by the discussion of a mystery nearer home.

For it was reported that in their own suburb a once-famous criminal, known as Michael Moonshine, had settled down, after a long term of imprisonment for his numerous burglaries.

Michael Moonshine had become a legend—his exploits, his

cars. There was his brother, Philip, a young man distinguished by his attention to dress, who was a stockbroker's clerk. Finally, there was present at this family scene his friend, Daniel Devine, who was also dark and well dressed; but bearded in a fashion that was somewhat foreign, and therefore slightly menacing.

By G. K. CHESTERTON

great physical strength, had given him something almost like a final touch of fear and mystery; for he never killed—he was far too good a burglar.

Mr. Simon Bankes, the father of the family, was a sturdy, old-fashioned man, with a grey beard; he distinctly remembered the days when Londoners had lain awake listening for Mike Moonshine, as they had for Spring-heel Jack.

Then there was his wife, a thin, dark lady, with a sort

of acid elegance about her; she even possessed a very valuable emerald necklace upstairs that gave her a right to prominence in a discussion about thieves. But the reference to their new and possibly alarming neighbour soon put both controversialists out of court. "How frightful," cried Mrs. Bankes. "He must be a newcomer; but who can he possibly be?"

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Looks quite a nasty piece of work, doesn't he? Go on... we'll tell you he's English, just to see if that will help. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 174: Lana Turner.

of acid elegance about her; she even possessed a very valuable emerald necklace upstairs that gave her a right to prominence in a discussion about thieves.

There was his daughter, Opal, who was also thin and dark, and was supposed to be psychic—at any rate, she thought so, though she had little domestic encouragement. Spirits of an ardently astral turn are well advised not to materialise as members of a large family.

There was her brother, John, a burly youth, particularly boisterous in his indifference to her spiritual development; and otherwise distinguishable only by his incessant interest in getting rid of old and buying new

cars. There was his brother, Philip, a young man distinguished by his attention to dress, who was a stockbroker's clerk. Finally, there was present at this family scene his friend, Daniel Devine, who was also dark and well dressed; but bearded in a fashion that was somewhat foreign, and therefore slightly menacing.

"I don't know any particularly new comers," said her husband, "except Sir Leopold Pulman, at Beechwood House."

"My dear," said the lady, "how absurd you are—Sir Leopold!"

"The only one I know," observed Devine, "is that man called Carver, who is stopping at Smith's Farm. He lives a very quiet life, but he is quite interesting to talk to. I think John has had some business with him."

"Knows a bit about cars," conceded the monomaniac John. "He'll know a bit more when he's been in my new car."

Devine smiled slightly; everybody had been threatened with the hospitality of John's new car. Then he added reflectively:

"That's a little what I feel about him. He knows a lot about motoring and travel and the active ways of the world; yet he always stays at home, pottering about round old Smith's beehives. It seems a very quiet hobby for a man of his sort."

As Devine walked away from the house that evening his dark face wore an expression of concentrated thought, and he turned towards Mr. Carver at the house of Mr. Smith.

As he was making his way there he met Barnard, the secretary of Sir Leopold Pulman—conspicuous by his lanky figure and large side-whiskers.

Their acquaintance was slight, and their conversation brief and casual; but Devine seemed to find in it food for further cogitation.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "excuse my asking, but is it true that Lady Pulman has some very famous jewellery? I'm not a professional thief, but I've just heard there's one hanging about."

"I've warned her already," said the secretary. "I hope she has attended to it."

As they spoke, there came

FIGUREGRAM

IN the following spot of multiplication letters have been substituted for figures:—

M B U
E N S

M B U
B M A R
B N N N

M U B I E U

Can you replace the figures, bearing in mind that the key is by no means an unfamiliar word.

(Answer on Page 3)

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in

(a) CLEAR WEED.
(b) CUT THE MILL.

(Answers on Page 3.)

Solution to Numerical Puzzle in No. 174.

1 — B 193
2 — R 386
3 — G 772
4 — D 1544
5 — H
6 — N
7 — E
8 — U
9 — I

The letters are an anagram of EDINBURGH.

the hideous cry of a motor-horn just behind, and John Bankes came to a stop behind them, radiant at his own steering-wheel. When he heard of Devine's destination he claimed it as his own, though his tone suggested rather an abstract relish for giving people a ride. The ride was consumed in continuous praises of the car—and John was still talking about the car when they arrived at Smith's farm.

Passing the outer gate, Devine found the man he was looking for, without going into the house. The man was walking about in the garden, with his hands in his pockets, wearing a large, limp straw hat; a man with a long face and large chin. The wide brim cut off the upper part of his face with a shadow that looked a little like a mask.

In the background was a row of sunny beehives, along which an elderly man, presumably Mr. Smith, was moving, accompanied by a short, commonplace-looking companion in black clerical costume.

"I say," burst in the irrepressible John, before Devine could offer any polite greeting, "I've brought her round to give you a little run. You see if she isn't better than a 'Thunderbolt'."

Mr. Carver's mouth set into a smile that may have been meant to be gracious, but looked rather grim. "I'm afraid I shall be too busy for pleasure this evening," he said.

"How doth the little busy bee," observed Devine, equally enigmatically. "Your bees must be very busy if they keep you at it all night."

"Well?" demanded Carver, with a certain cool defiance.

G	O	L	D
H	O	L	D
H	O	S	E
L	O	S	E
L	O	S	T
L	O	S	T
D	U	S	T

Solution to Word Ladder in No. 174.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11			12		13				
14				15		16			
17			18		19		20		
21		22				23			
		24						25	
	26							27	
28			29				30		
31			32		33		34		
35				36		37			
38							39		

CLUES ACROSS.

- Clasp.
- Dissolved.
- Fragrant oil.
- Dreamy.
- Sticky stuff.
- Sheer.
- Chatter.
- Vain man.
- Hoax.
- Remains.
- Sweet-sounding.
- Experienced person.
- Condiment.
- 314159.
- Tree.
- Perched.
- Winnow.
- Sharp.
- Produces.
- Cold dish.
- Hundred lacs.
- Quiver.
- Dance.

CLUES DOWN.

- Offal and oatmeal dish.
- School book.
- Fag.
- Irishman.
- Printing measure.
- Hang limply.
- Big-billed bird.
- Make Member.
- Coloured.
- Rebuts.
- Bunch of flowers.
- Thundering.
- Adult fellows.
- Vehicle.
- Strong and manly.
- Tawdry brilliance.
- 26 and 27 Parsons.
- Firmly.
- Floating ice.
- 32 Female animal.
- 34 Go astray.
- 36 Suffice.

C SPRUNG C
RATE PILLAR
ADORN LOOSE
SMOKED VASE
HID WAKEFUL
R FEMUR R
TAPERED HAS
ABET SONANT
CLAIM SAUCE
KERNEL PLEA
Y GNOMES D

WANGLING WORDS—131

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after LHE, to make a wild plant.
- Rearrange the letters of HORRID FOXES, to make an English county.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WATER into PIPES, PROSE into POEMS, TOOTH into PASTE, PAGE into BOYS.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from DESUETUDE?

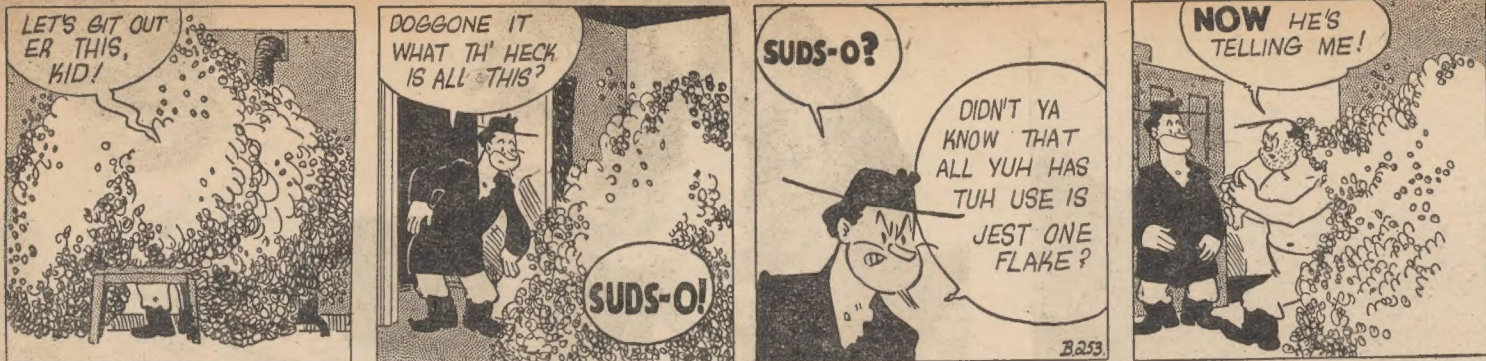
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 130

- REINSURE.
- LINCOLNSHIRE.
- GOAL, GOAT, BOAT, BOOT, BOOK, LOOK, LOCK, LICK, KICK.
- RIPE, RITE, SITE, SITS, SETS, SEAS, SEAT, SLAT, SLUT, SLUM, PLUM.
- DOCK, DECK, BECK, BEAK, LEAK, LEAF.
- DRUM, DRAM, TRAM, TEAM, TEAS, SEAS, SEER, FEES, FOES, FOPS, TOPS, TAPS.
- Bust, Stab, Cart, Acts, Cats, Tubs, Cran, Cant, Cast, Stub, Butt, Boat, Boar, Scar, Scan, Cans, Curt, Corn, Coin, Crab, etc.
- Bract, Scion, Actor, Tract, Trust, Acton, Crust, Cabin, Bacon, Baton, Brain, Brast, Toast, Start, Train, etc.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



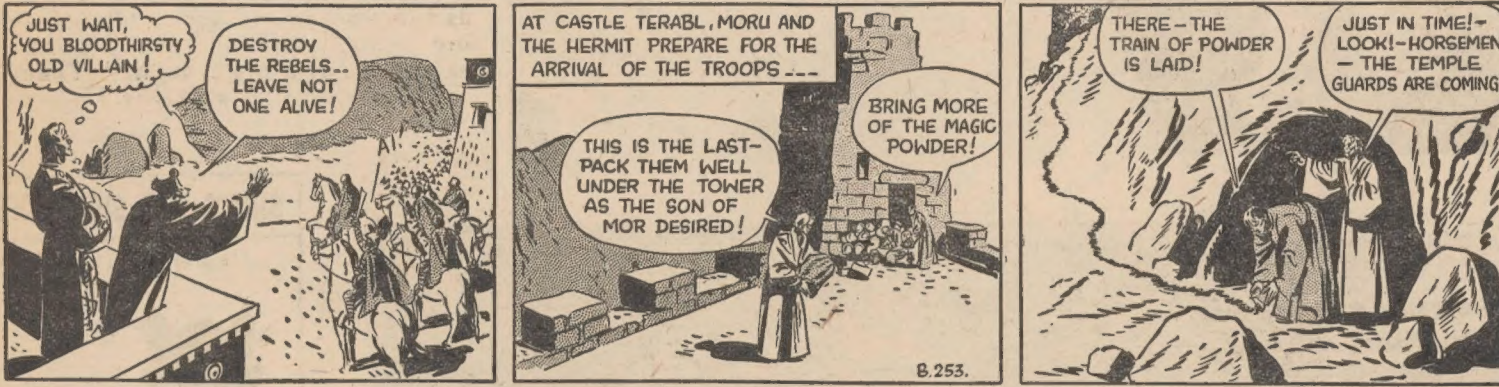
POPEYE



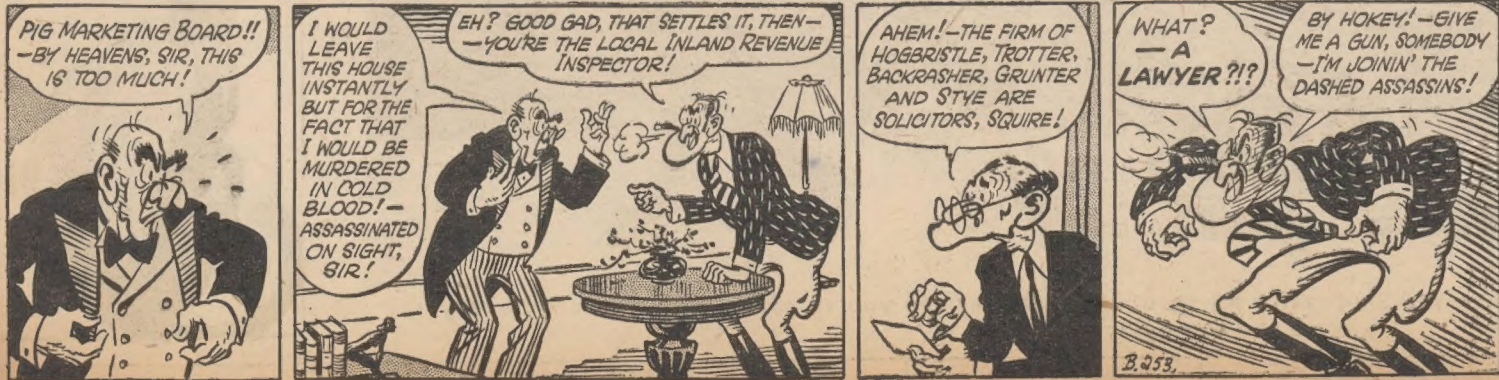
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Mystery of Divining

By Alfred Rhodes

Are you a Water Diviner? This article tells of the strange power that finds water, oil and minerals.

IN North Africa and elsewhere the Allies have had reliance on members of the Forces and others who can find water below the surface of the earth merely by turning a twig in their hands; or, to put it accurately, the twig turns independent of the holder's hands.

In short, water divining is helping the war effort, not only abroad, but at home also. Moses was the first recorded water diviner; but he struck the rock. The modern water diviner merely walks about-and tells where the water lies.

It is one of the strangest powers which reveals itself in certain individuals, and nobody can explain it. Scientists have tried to discover the cause of this ability. Traps have been set for reputed diviners. The power shows itself to be no respecter of persons. Many people have the gift and don't know it.

In the North of England there is a head of a firm of water engineers whose wife has the ability to divine. The man himself has not, but his only daughter has the gift, too; and the firm has been employed to sink wells and lay conduits in various parts of the country after water has been divined.

Mr. Lloyd George some time ago got the services of a water diviner to find water on land he had added to his Churt estate, and now has a plentiful supply where in former times there was little moisture for the crops.

Many European Governments before the war employed diviners; and so have many firms in England.

That there is such a power as divining cannot be doubted. But a good diviner may be able not only to detect water, but also oil and minerals.

There was a case some time ago of a boy in U.S.A. who was able to find oil in Texas by the use of a pendulum apparatus. The pendulum began to swing when the boy passed over hidden oil sources. At other times it was steady when held in the boy's hands; and the boy himself could not account for the circumstance.

It does not require a person to be either a geologist or a hydro-geologist for that person to be a diviner. He (or she) need not be a graduate in chemistry or physics. All that is needed is the strange gift, and a hazel twig.

Even why the twig should be hazel has never been properly explained; but no other wood seems to give good results.

It is on record that for several centuries German miners have used the power of divining to locate minerals. It has been used in Cornwall to reveal tin and other ores.

The first evidence of water divining in England was in the sixteenth century, when a woman revealed her gift in finding several wells in London.

But she was promptly charged with being a witch and burned for her gift-although the wells were sunk and gave the water she had promised.

Roughly, the various twigs that are used are: Hazel for water and silver.

Ash for copper.

Pine for iron and tin.

Iron and steel divining rods are used for gold and precious minerals.

When divining is done by pendulum it is usual to have a hollow plumb-bob suspended and cut in halves. The bottom half may be unscrewed to receive the sample of the mineral sought.

The shape of the twigs used is always the same-Y-shaped. The twigs are grasped, each leg of the Y in either hand, so that the short stem protrudes outward. The twig must not be gripped too tightly, but held so that it has room to turn in the hand.

These are the main articles used by diviners, but watch-springs, pieces of whalebone, and knitting-needles have been in vogue at one time or another.

Solution to Figuregram.

Solution:	Key
432	1-S
981	2-U
	3-B
432	4-M
3456	5-A
3888	6-R
	7-I
423792	8-N
	9-E

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

- (a) LAW & DECREE.
(b) MUCH & LITTLE.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

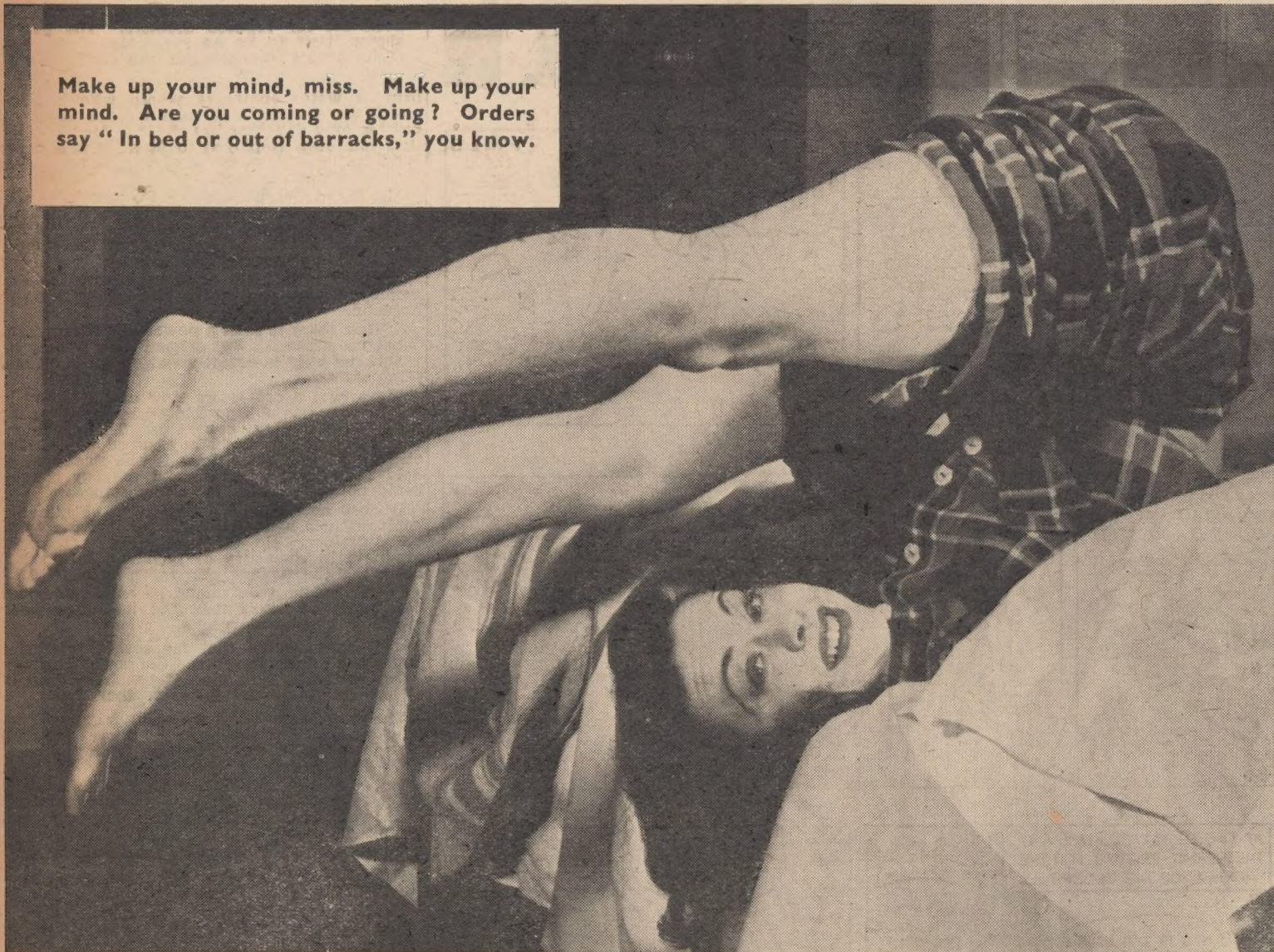


Early morning scene on Lake Buttermere, one of Lakeland's famous beauty spots.

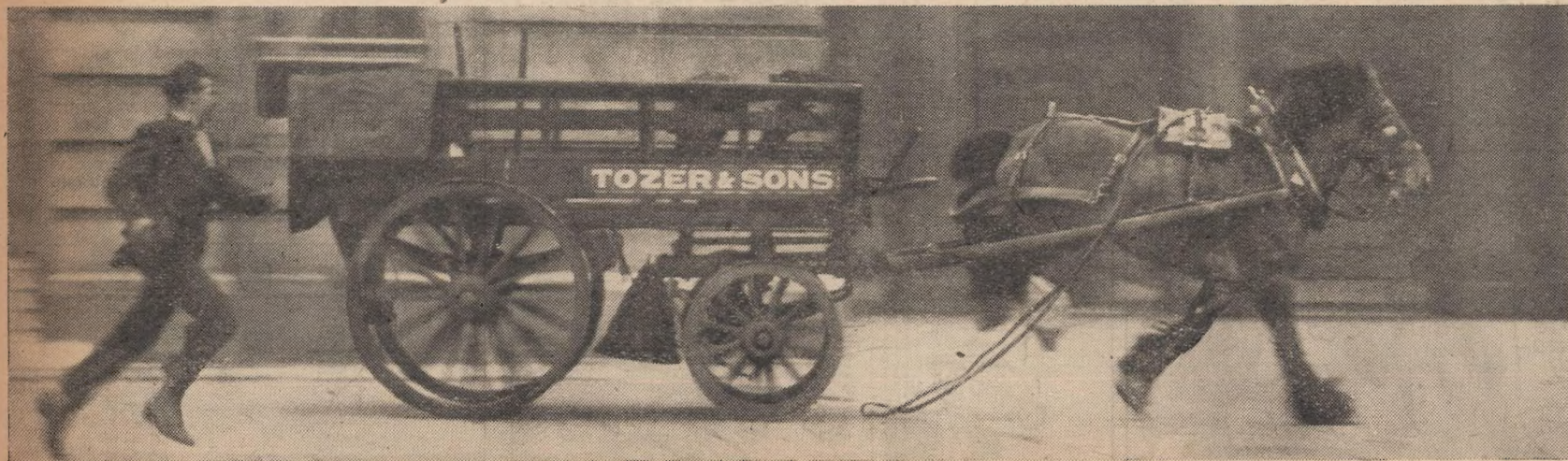


"Gosh, why the heck don't you let me help you? You're making such a job of it that there won't be time for a run before bed-time."

Make up your mind, miss. Make up your mind. Are you coming or going? Orders say "In bed or out of barracks," you know.



"Got all 'upstairs' he did. Said as I powdered me nose. 'Powder me nose,' said I, 'Ever tried eatin' out of a pig trough?' That shut him up all right."



"Whoa there, boy. Even if yer mother WAS a cavalry horse, don't mean ter say you've got to prance ararnd every time the band plays."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I prefer you with an apple in your mouth."

